CHARLES SOULE STEVE MCNIVEN

DAREDEVIL

COLD DAY IN HELL

MARVEL

1

OF 3

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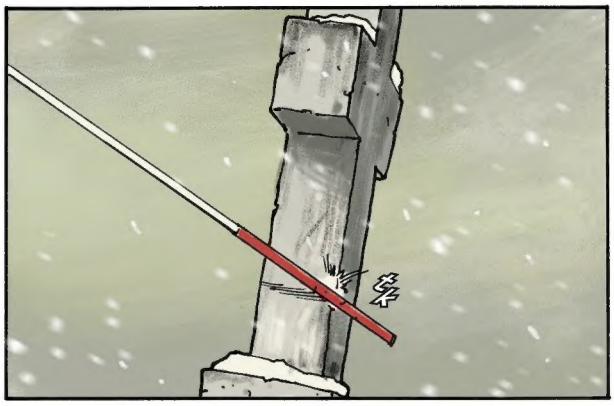
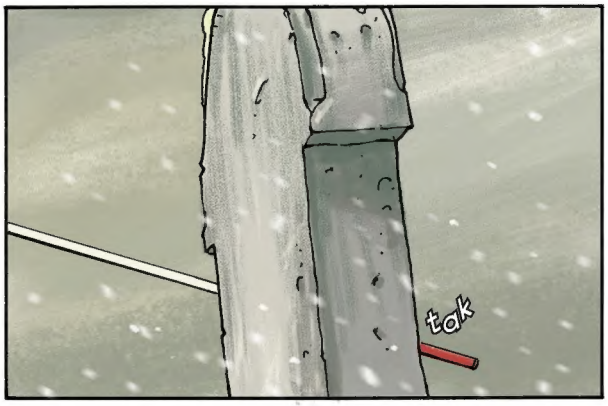
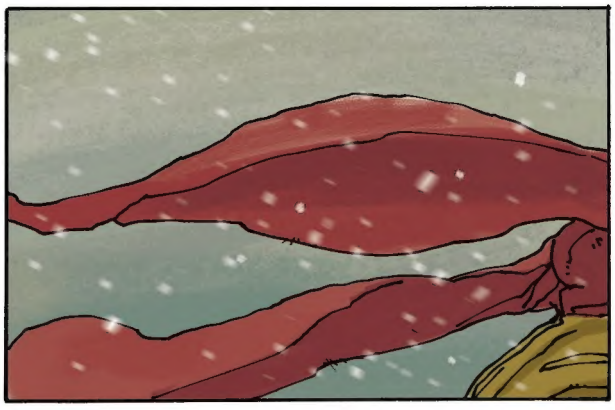
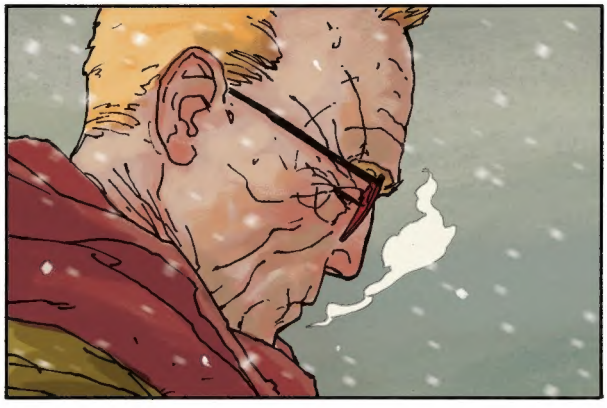
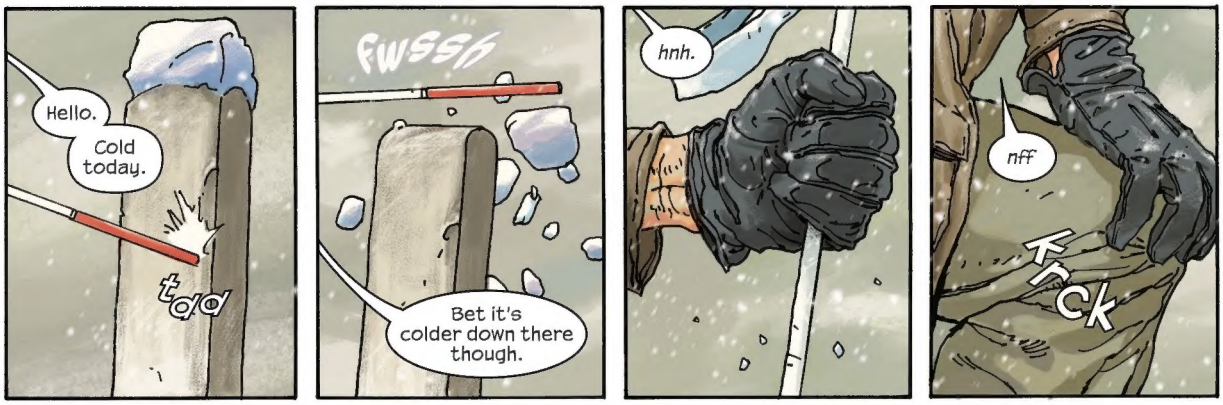


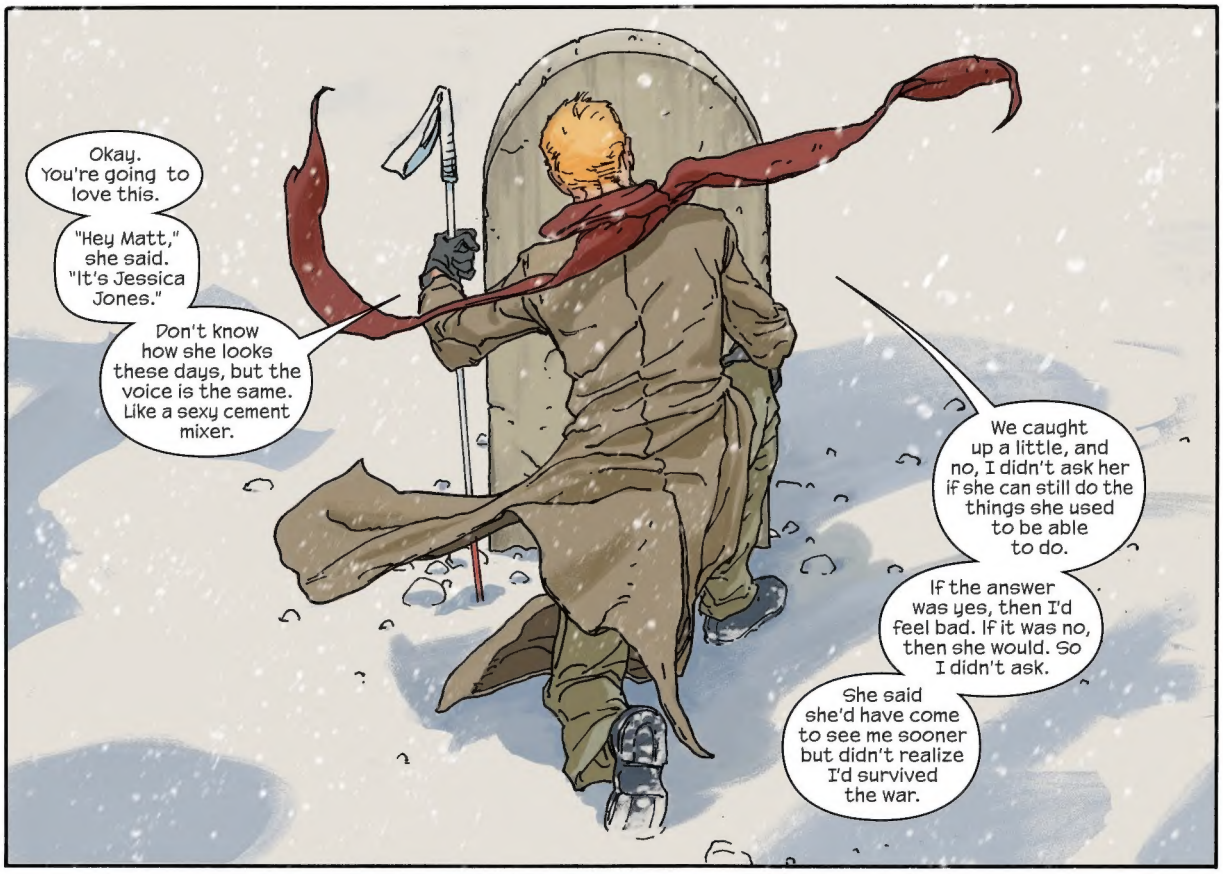


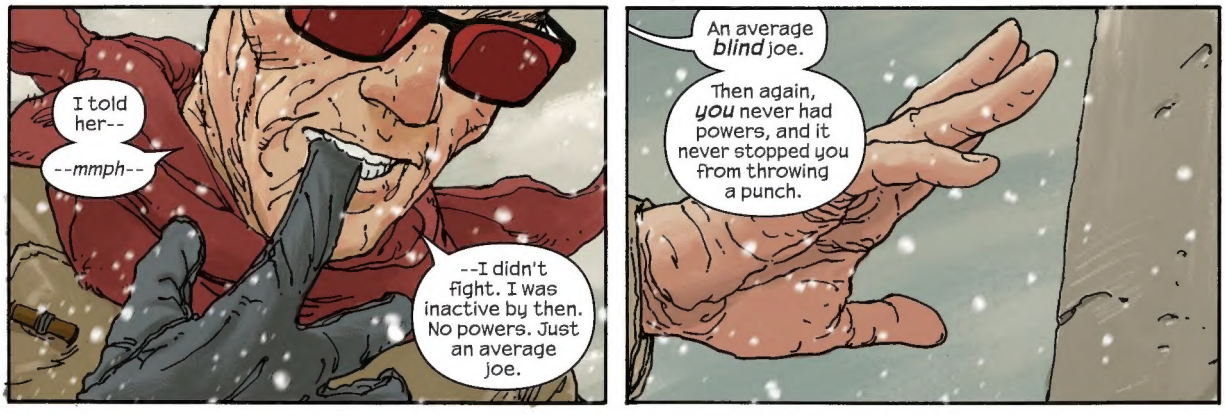




DAREDEVIL:
COLD DAY IN HELL


Hello.
Cold today.
tap
fwsssh
Bet it's colder down there though.
hnh.
nff
fuck

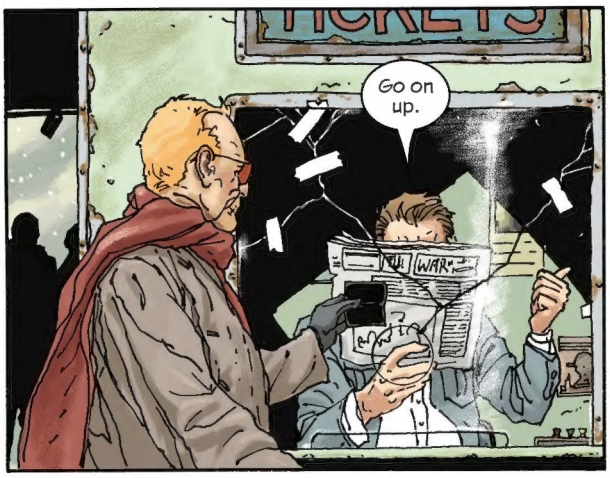

Okay. You're going to love this.
"Hey Matt," she said. "It's Jessica Jones."
Don't know how she looks these days, but the voice is the same. Like a sexy cement mixer.
We caught up a little, and no, I didn't ask her if she can still do the things she used to be able to do.
If the answer was yes, then I'd feel bad. If it was no, then she would. So I didn't ask.
She said she'd have come to see me sooner but didn't realize I'd survived the war.


I told her--
--mmph--
--I didn't fight. I was inactive by then. No powers. Just an average joe.
An average *blind* joe.
Then again, *you* never had powers, and it never stopped you from throwing a punch.

Yeah, you'd have been out there, all right.
Swingin' away.
Hnh.
Anyway.
She asked me if I had any regrets.
I told her no. Not a one. Everything that's happened to me is all part of God's plan.
What a beautiful life I have. Beauty and joy.
As far as the eye can see.
WILSON
GRANT
FISK
HUSBAND
FATHER
KING

"All part of God's plan."

What a beautiful phrase.
Kind of covers it all.
Please, mister...
Dark.
Light.
Don't get yourself too bothered. *It's all God's plan.* Nothing you could have done about it in any case.
I understand the attraction. It's a nice bit of hand-waving. A catchall that pushes aside the necessity for deeper examination of responsibility.
SUPPORT YOUR HEROES OVERSEAS
BUY
WAR CRYPTOBONDS
Priests love it. They tell it to their parishioners when something terrible happens, as a way of framing bad things in a good way.
Priests have said it to me.
Bet they're saying it a lot these days.



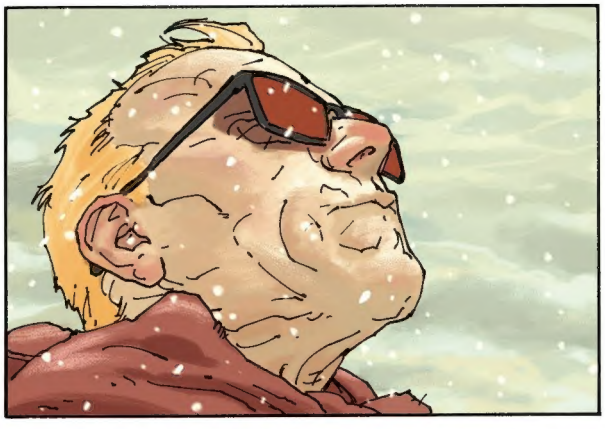
SAY SOMETHING
And it...it *stinks* in here. I don't smell it like I would have, not in the old days.
But there's too many people, too many...

Some of them are *sick* too.

Or... medicated.

Air is cold. Like breathing in knives.

But better.



Hnh. Great minds, huh?
Sometimes you just need a little fresh air.
SHELTER BELOW
Not like you could call the air in New York Harbor fresh...but it beats that murk down below.
mm.
I get why people don't come out here much though.
Damn deebees.
Damn disgrace is what it is.
And they just left it like that.
Ain't you gonna say nothin'?
You got no opinion on the issues of the day?
Standing there in that fancy scarf, too good to talk to the likes of me?
Don't you see it? You look up there and you don't feel nothin'? What kinda psychopath--?
Oh. Hey, sorry about that, man. Didn't realize you was blind.
Didn't mean nothin' by it.
You want to know what I think?

NEVER SURRENDER
NEVER FORGET
It's all part of God's plan.

Back in Manhattan.
Thank you, Jesus. That took too long.
Need to get back to the Kitchen. Marlon probably had to handle today's delivery. That'll be a total--
SUBWAY CLOSED FOREVER
Hey.
Spare anything? Cold out here, and I'm hungry.
Sure, friend.
Let me see what I've got.
This guy's low. Down and out.
Not his fault. These times.
These dark, ugly times.
Take what you need, but leave me what you don't, okay?
You're not the only hungry one.
Uh-huh.
nnf!
Goin' down. Gonna break my goddamn neck.
Move. Touch.
Feel.
You know how to do this.
God helps those who help--

Now, don't scare the man, Clarence.
I'm just playin', Georgie.
You see that flip he did? That was cool.
THAK
Just listen to me. There's no reason to hurt anyone.

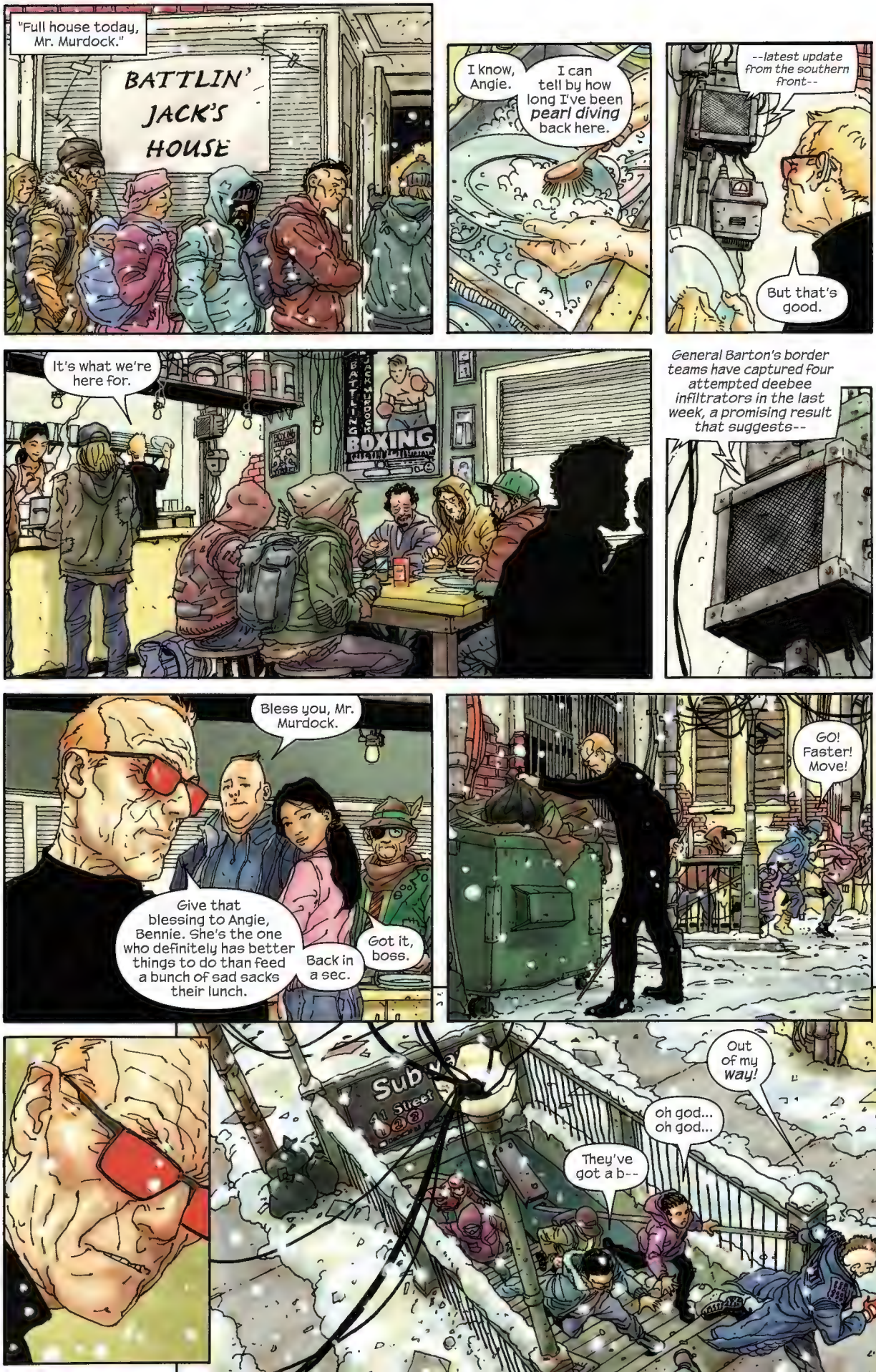
"...you can come to the soup kitchen I run. About five blocks north. 49th and Ninth.

"Battlin' Jacks.

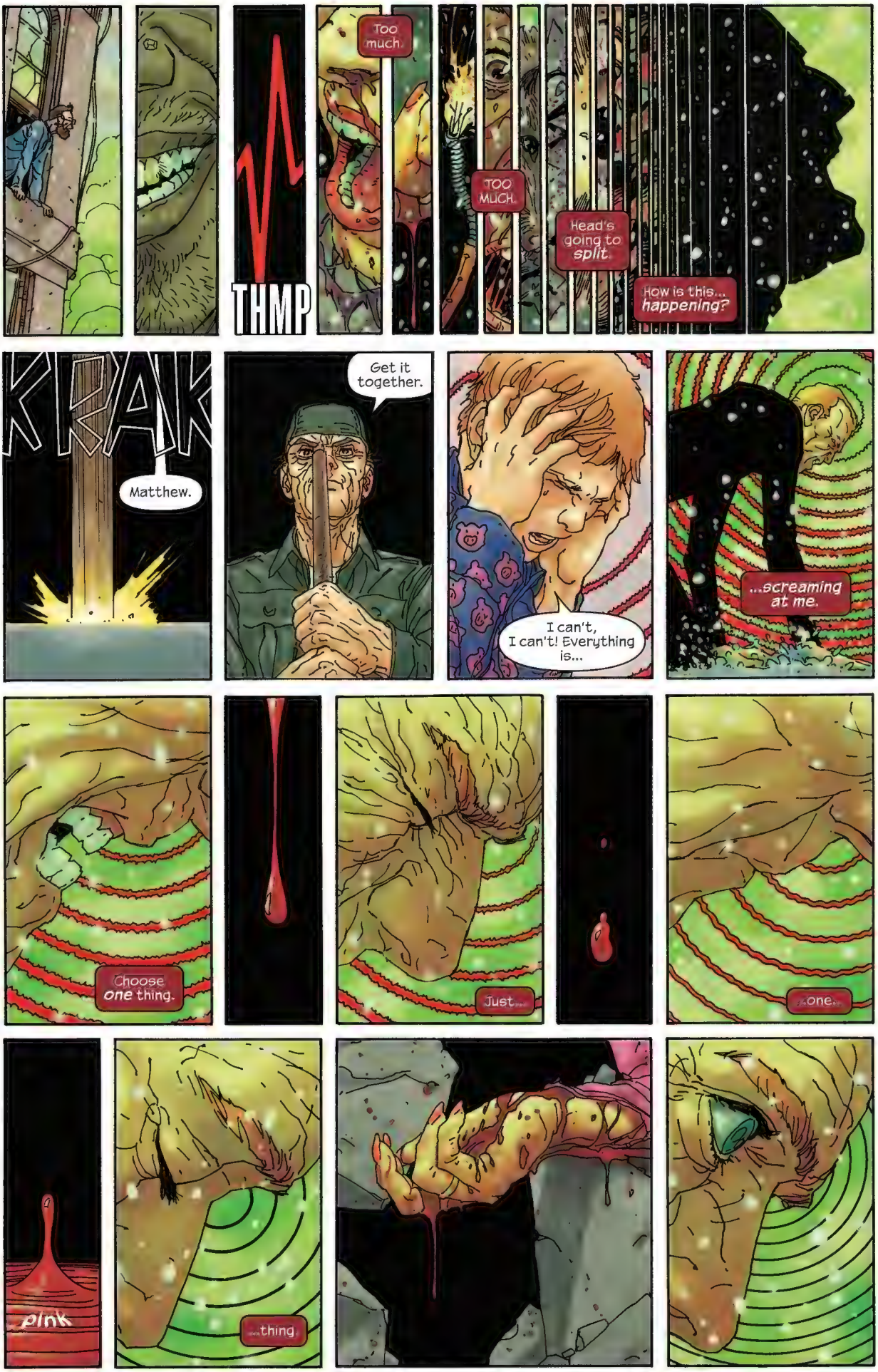
"Even got a few beds, but they fill up fast.

"No strings."

Good to know.
Hey! The cane! You don't need the cane.
Please.
You're lucky I'm a nice guy.
Listen.
tk
You can do it.
It's right...
...there!
tk
WHP
Heh.
Idiot.
nnf!


"Full house today, Mr. Murdock."
BATTLIN' JACK'S HOUSE
I know, Angie.
I can tell by how long I've been pearl diving back here.
--latest update from the southern front--
But that's good.
It's what we're here for.
BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK
BOXING
General Barton's border teams have captured four attempted deebee infiltrators in the last week, a promising result that suggests--
Bless you, Mr. Murdock.
Give that blessing to Angie, Bennie. She's the one who definitely has better things to do than feed a bunch of sad sacks their lunch.
Back in a sec.
Got it, boss.
GO! Faster! Move!
Out of my way!
oh god... oh god...
They've got a b--

hhhnnngh
:cough:
:cough cough COUGH:
That smell...like battery acid and burning hair...
No... it's not a scent...
...I'm hearing it...
AAAAGH!
I can't... can't breathe.
hf hff hf
Please! Someone!
waaaaahhhh!


THMP
Too much.
TOO MUCH.
Head's going to split.
How is this... happening?
KRAK
Matthew.
Get it together.
I can't, I can't! Everything is...
...screaming at me.
Choose one thing.
Just...
...one...
pink
...thing.

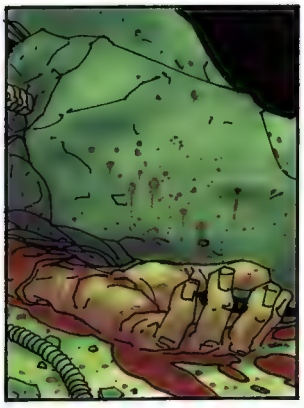
Find her.
Please! Anyone!
I'm here.
I'll get you out.
Still barely holding it together.
One step, then another. It's easy. Just keep walking.
Take her--get as far away as you can. We don't know if there's going to be another explosion.
I can-- cough --
Help's coming.
THMP
EE-OOO EE-OOO
I can hear it.

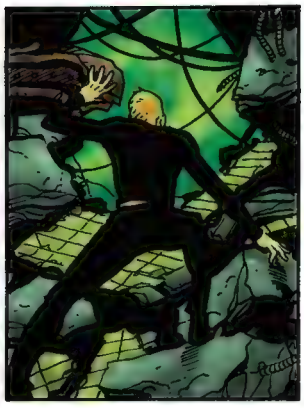
Hnnf!
Thank you, old-timer... Leg feels busted.
Not sure I can... walk.
SREE! SREE!
Mr. Murdock!
Angie! What are you doing? It's not safe out here.
This smoke-- we don't know what it is.
SREE!
I'm here for you. This smoke, and the R-alarm--
R-alarm...
Smoke...
This scent, and my powers activating, it's like...
...like...
Oh my god.
Angie, I'm grateful, but you don't need to worry about me. Help this man. Get back inside.
The police, ambulances, I can hear them. They'll be here very soon. Be brave now. No fear. Can you do that?
I can... I can do that.
Have to understand this.
Follow the scent back to the source.
Find out what happened.
Radar's back too.
I can't see...

Listen.

No movement.

All dead.

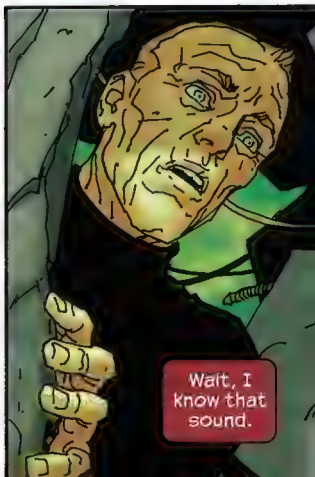




What is that?

I've been hearing it since the start.

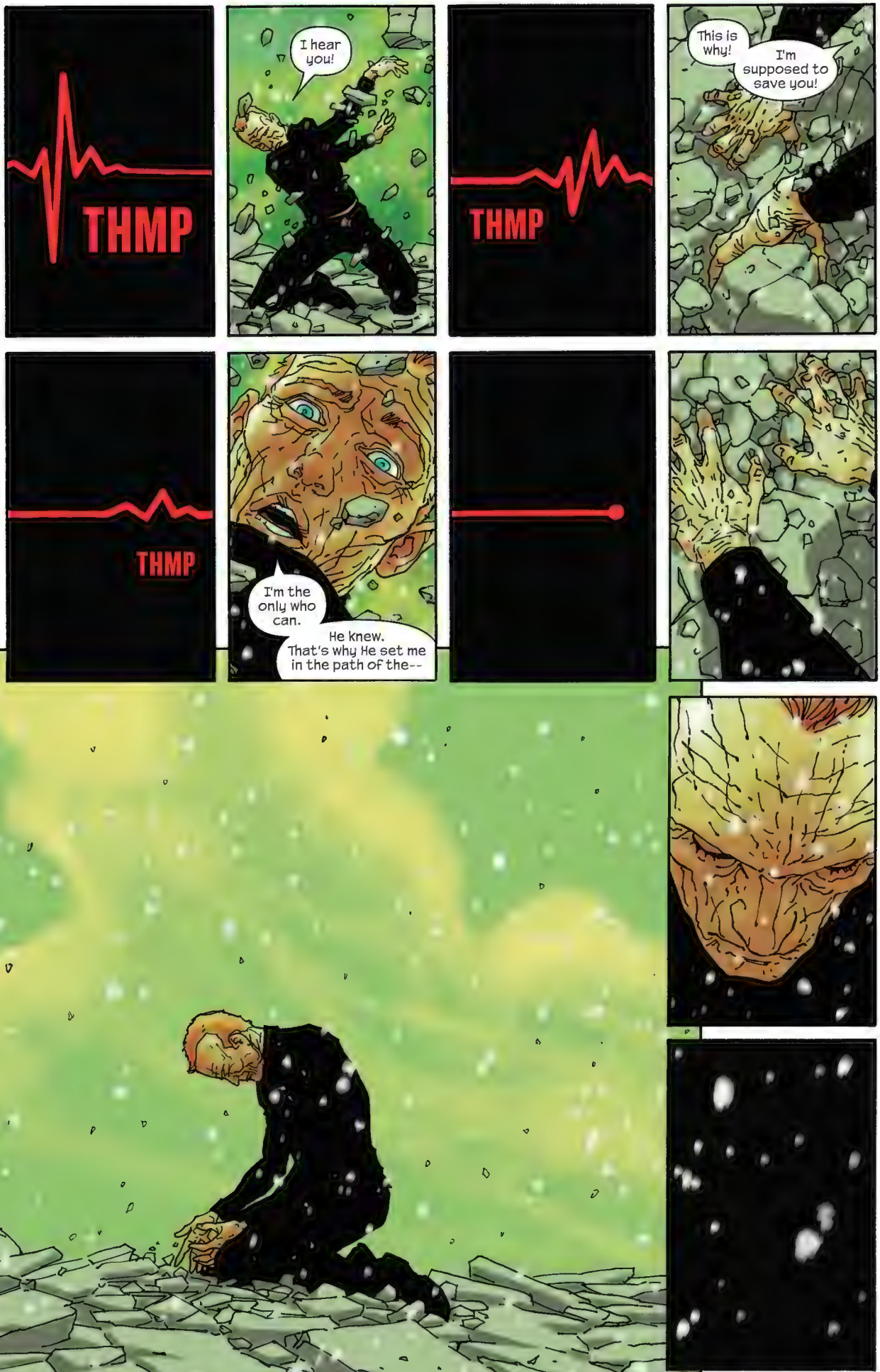
Steady as a bass drum.



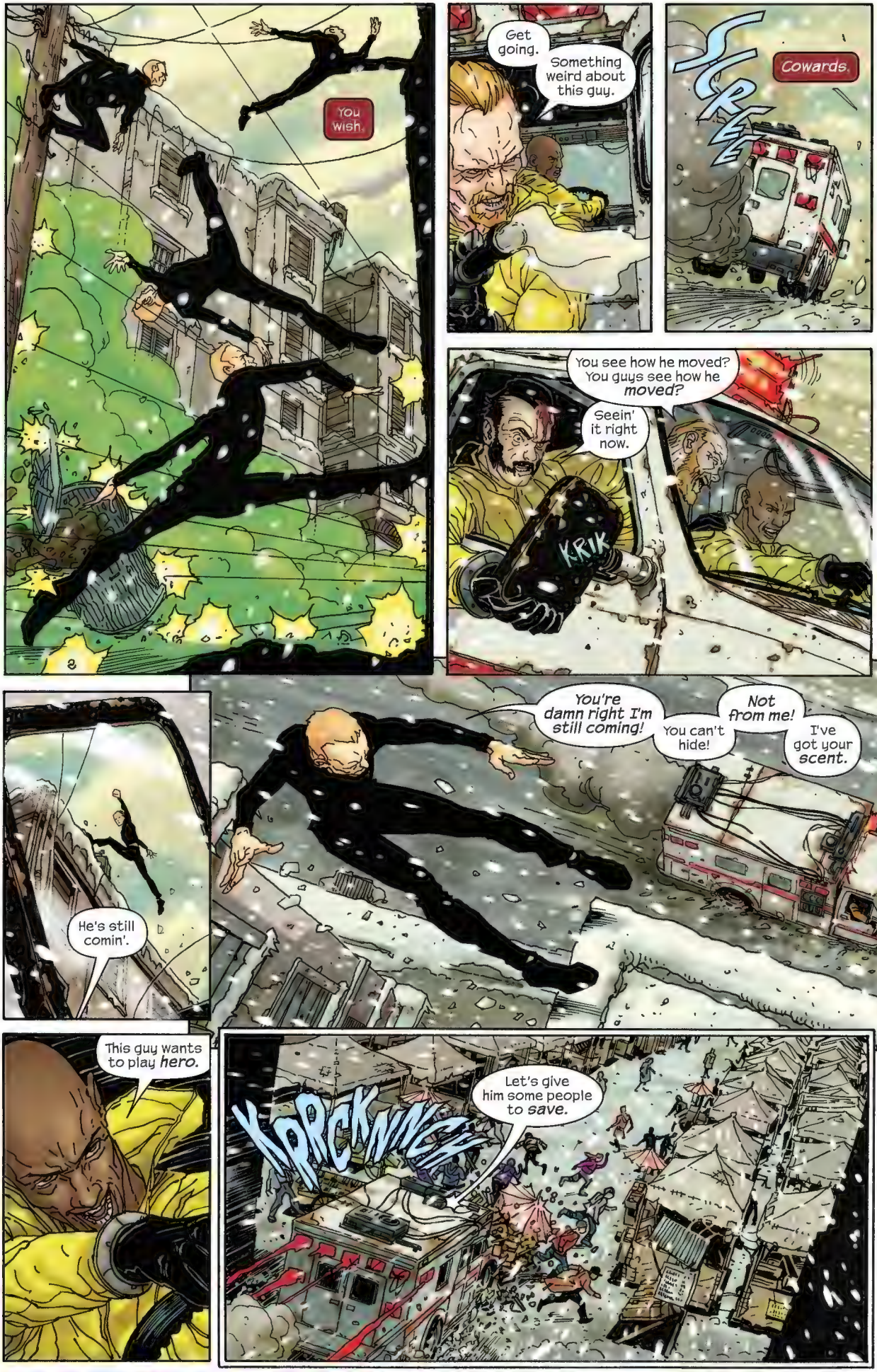
Murdock.
Cap.

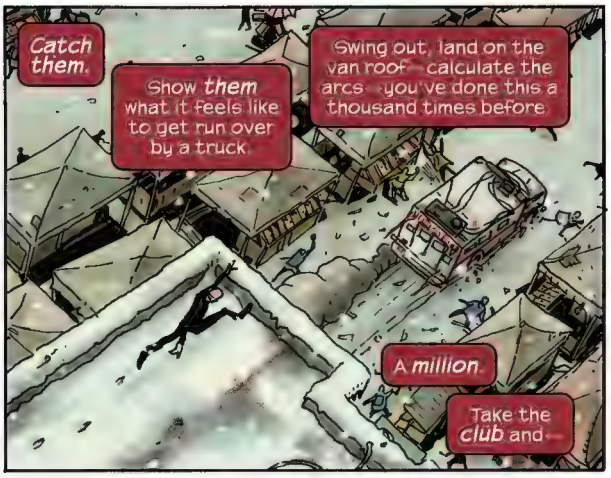
What the hell...are you *doing* here...?
You're... *inactive.* You're going to...*die.*
My powers are back. Something in the explosion triggered them. It was a dirty bomb, I think. The deebees probably. The radiation must have...
Doesn't matter.
Can you hold on? Emergency teams are coming.
I'm not going...anywhere. Wasn't the... deebees.
Take the girl. Get her out.
She's important.
She's the reason this happened.
She's what he wanted.
I saw it.
GRNNNN
Go, Matt. *Right now.*
Can't *hold* this.
But as you go...
RMMBLLL
...listen.

There was a shipment.
Military.
It's collapsing.
Moving chemicals from one base to another. Old stuff.
Part of a plan to get ahead of the deebees. New Warrior Project.
Move, Matt.
Up.
Up.
Go.
Go.
You wouldn't believe how high it goes.
How deep. How far back.
Dance through it.
And out.
Sir!
Help her.
THMP
He's still alive.
Get to him.


THMP
I hear you!
THMP
This is why!
I'm supposed to save you!
THMP
I'm the only who can.
He knew. That's why He set me in the path of the--

Look at this thing. This is the real deal.
Maybe I'll hold on to it. Probably worth a bundle.
Boss hears about it, you're dead.
I know you're a dumbass. But be smart.
Hnh.
I see you.
You hear that?
Incomin'!
What the hell is it now?
I SEE YOU!
Murdering bastards!
KRCK
Oh damn!
Kill this old piece!
Easy.
KRRTKRRAT!!

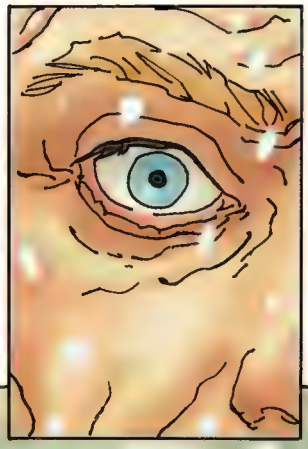

You wish.
Get going.
Something weird about this guy.
SCREE
Cowards.
You see how he moved? You guys see how he moved?
Seein' it right now.
KRIK
You're damn right I'm still coming!
You can't hide!
Not from me!
I've got your scent.
He's still comin'.
This guy wants to play hero.
Let's give him some people to save.
KRACKNNGE

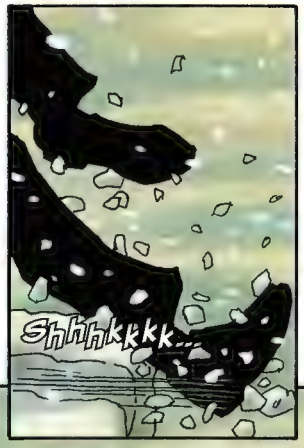

Catch them.
Show *them* what it feels like to get run over by a truck.
Swing out, land on the van roof—calculate the arcs—you've done this a thousand times before.
A *million.*
Take the *club* and—

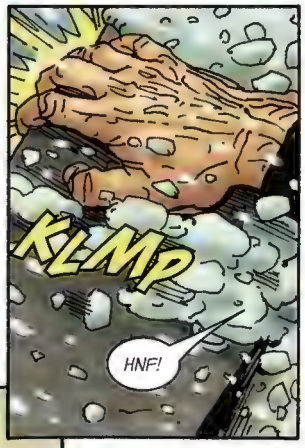
Oh.

You old *fool.*

Son of a...

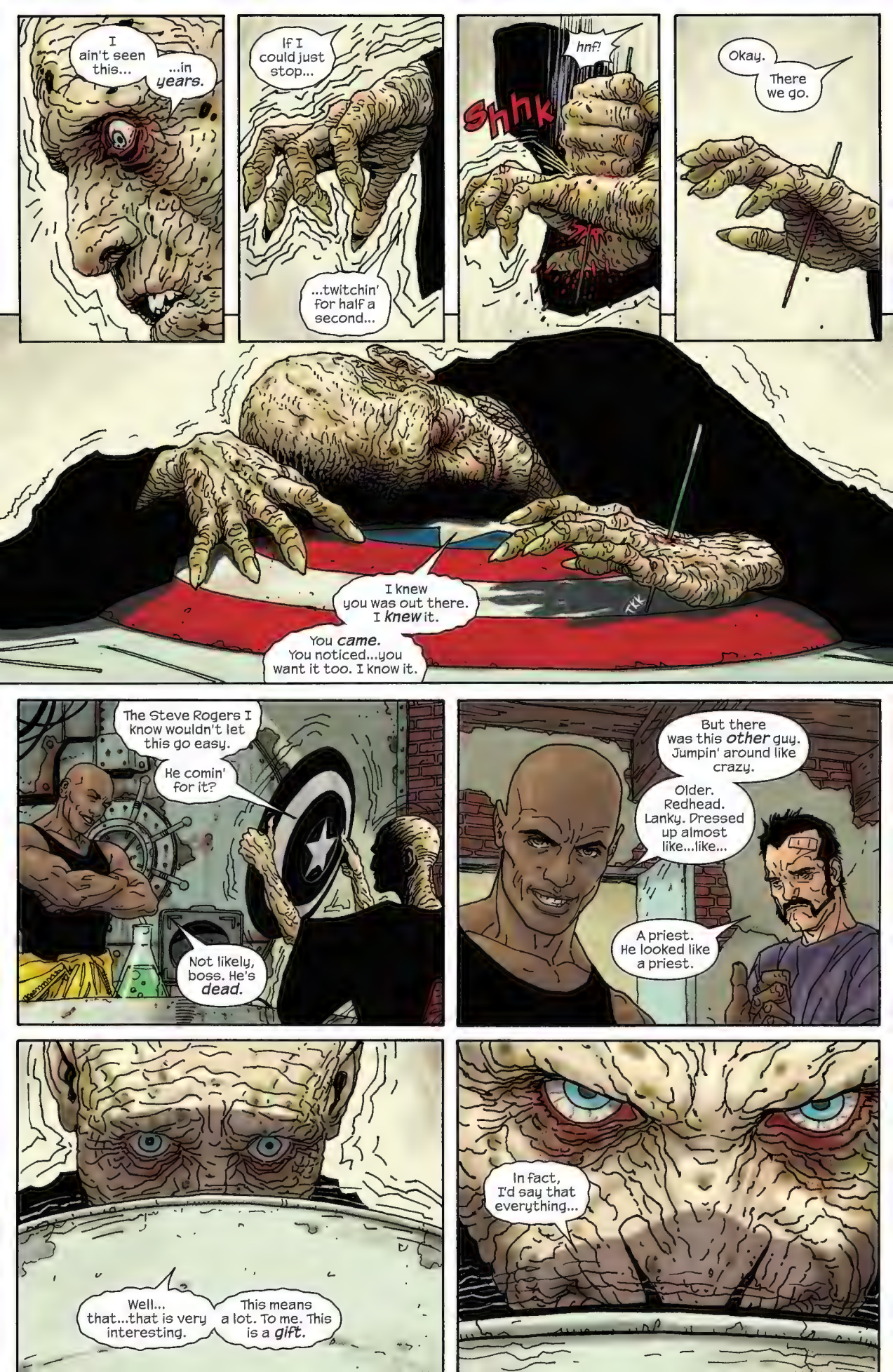






Close. *Close.* Could have all ended right there, you idiot.
It's not the old days. You can't move like that anymore. You're gonna pay the price tomorrow.
Where?
Stretch the radar—zero in.
Where?

KNOCK
Boss! We're back! You miss us?
Brought you back a present.
Come on, man. Gonna get us all killed.
Don't know why everyone's so afraid of him. What's he gonna do?
When he sees this, he'll probably give me a nice big hug.
Hey. Job went well. Got away pretty clean.
Pretty clean?
Pretty clean's...just another way of saying...
...dirty.
But yeah. I heard about it on the...news radio. Big...boom. That's good.
Now... we wait and see.
Had a couple surprise guests, boss. One of 'em was an old friend of yours, I think.
Grabbed this off him before we bailed.
eh?
Ohhhhhhh...
Oh my.


I ain't seen this...
...in years.
If I could just stop...
...twitchin' for half a second...
hnf!
Shhk
Okay.
There we go.
I knew you was out there. I knew it.
You came. You noticed...you want it too. I know it.
The Steve Rogers I know wouldn't let this go easy.
He comin' for it?
Not likely, boss. He's dead.
But there was this other guy. Jumpin' around like crazy.
Older. Redhead. Lanky. Dressed up almost like...like...
A priest. He looked like a priest.
Well... that...that is very interesting.
This means a lot. To me. This is a gift.
In fact, I'd say that everything...

...is right on target.
WHP

Remember this?
'Course you do.
You worshipped the guy.
He was everything you weren't.
And ain't.
Bet it burns you up that I've got it.
You want to hold it?
You wanna...hold it, Frank?

Maybe you thought he'd get you down off...that wall someday.
Ain't happenin'. He's *dead.*
Captain America's dead. K.I.A.
But my guys...they tell me there was *another* fella in the mix out there.
Skinny old ginger. Jumpin', flippin', trying to *save people.*
Ain't that interestin', Frankie?
SNP
Oooh! He's *testy* today!
You miss the old days, Castle?
"'Cause I sure do."

Whatever has happened.
Whatever will happen.
It's all part of God's plan.

TO BE
CONTINUED...

DAREDEVIL

COLD DAY IN HELL

STORY
CHARLES SOULE & STEVE McNIVEN

DIALOGUE
CHARLES SOULE

ART
STEVE McNIVEN

LETTERS
VC's CLAYTON COWLES

COVER ART
STEVE McNIVEN

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Hey there, Readers Without Fear!

Welcome to DAREDEVIL: COLD DAY IN HELL! The journey of this book is unlike any I've ever worked on, and I've been doing this for almost 23 years! WAY back in 2019, Steve and Charles had already killed and resurrected Wolverine and were looking for something new to work on together. Steve had done some cool Daredevil sketches, and they decided ol' Hornhead was the character they wanted to explore. But this Daredevil book would be different.

For this story, Charles cooked up this world you just read about WITH Steve, and Charles was going to write a much looser plot than he normally does. It's not that the story was messy or ill-defined, far from it, but Charles wouldn't break it down panel to panel—Steve would do that. Steve calling the visual storytelling shots is probably the only way you'll ever get a whole miniseries in a sixteen-panel grid! This book is a true collaboration with both creators putting 110% of themselves into it.

This arduous journey had a wild ride over the last six years with COVID-19 and a pandemic-related pause. There were also a few interludes (Charles and Steve did an awesome Boba Fett book, and Steve drew a few short stories and wrote and drew one too). But about a year and change ago, we kicked into high gear, and you are reading the results!

Steve and Charles aren't the only creators working on this, of course. CLAYTON COWLES is showing everyone why he's one of the best letterers in the business. And while Steve colored this first issue, DEAN WHITE is coming on board to color the rest. We're lucky to have both of them! And big kudos to JAY BOWEN and KAT WALKINGTON for the design work on the book.

You're in for a treat over the next two issues, and you'll never guess where it's all headed.

See you next month!

Nick Lowe
Editor
New York, NY

From the plot work that Charles and Steve did, Charles wrote up the plot for issue #1, and it started like this!

DAREDEVIL: COLD DAY IN HELL #1
Steve! Okay. Off we go at last. As we've talked about, this will be much looser than a typical script I'd give you, because the idea is to find the scenes in the layout stage, at least to some degree.

What you have here is a breakdown of all thirty pages, with some dialogue elements (or at least the suggestion of what the conversations will be), with what I think the page turns will be, etc. If you need more, I'll give you more—it's a discussion. Mostly, though, I can't wait to see what you do. You've got a very cool story here – it'll be awesome to see how we tell it.

With that in mind…

PAGE ONE
We begin with a blind man's cane, tapping away along a path in a cemetery, as dirty grey snow falls in the background.

This issue will go from "cane to cane," as you'll see, so beginning with this image is important.

We go wider to see an older (not elderly, just older) man making his way along that path, through the ever-present snow. This is a large cemetery, probably in Queens, with gravestones and even mausoleums as far as the eye can see. And…the snow.

Maybe the man slips, steadies himself, then keeps going. He knows where he's headed.

I think no dialogue over this. Just beautiful, silent images.

PAGES TWO-THREE
The man from page one – it's Matt Murdock, of course, but older, in his early sixties – is now standing at a gravestone in the cemetery.

He stares at it for a moment, then he begins to speak.

Matt talks about his successes and his failures, about his efforts to make the world a better place, his efforts to atone. He apologizes, says he wishes he could have done more.

IMPORTANTLY, through all of this, we don't get a full reveal of the gravestone. We don't see who's buried there. The thought is that it's his father, Battlin' Jack Murdock – it's not.

The dialogue here, by the way, might be in captions, might be spoken – I'll decide when I see it – but I feel like captions make more sense.

We need the sense that this is a man who has demons in his past. In the background, if applicable, perhaps the NYC skyline, with zeppelins floating above it, skylights, etc. Only if it makes sense.

When this man finishes his vigil, he turns and begins tapping away back down the path, with a spoken "see you next week."

It's at that point we see the name on the gravestone:

WILSON GRANT FISK
HUSBAND. FATHER.
KING.

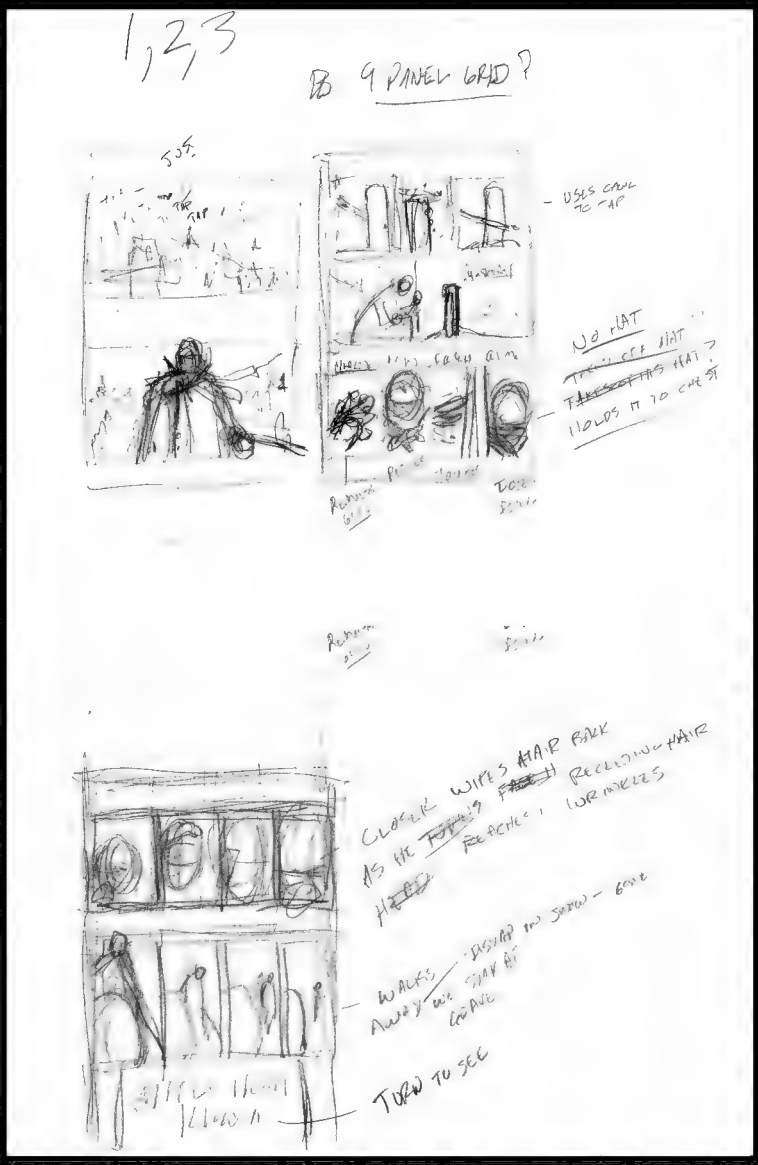
(Let's put KING on its own line.)

I'd love to include dates, too – maybe 1972-2034? I'm not sure if that immediately dates the story – it might. But maybe that doesn't matter? Whatever we think, I'm open to.

The gravestone reveal should be the last or second-to-last beat on the page. (Might be followed by Matt walking away.)

Steve took this plot and did a thorough thumbnailing process on his own. You can see a note where he first voices to himself the idea to try the heavy-panel approach he went with for the project.

STEVE MCNIVEN: "The process that starts with me sitting down with a breakdown of the plot that Charles has put together from our plotting. Using that breakdown I work out what happens on each page from panel to panel. I decided early on to use the Frank Miller 16 panel grid as an overall structure to each page. With pencil and paper I work out the storytelling in a rough manner."

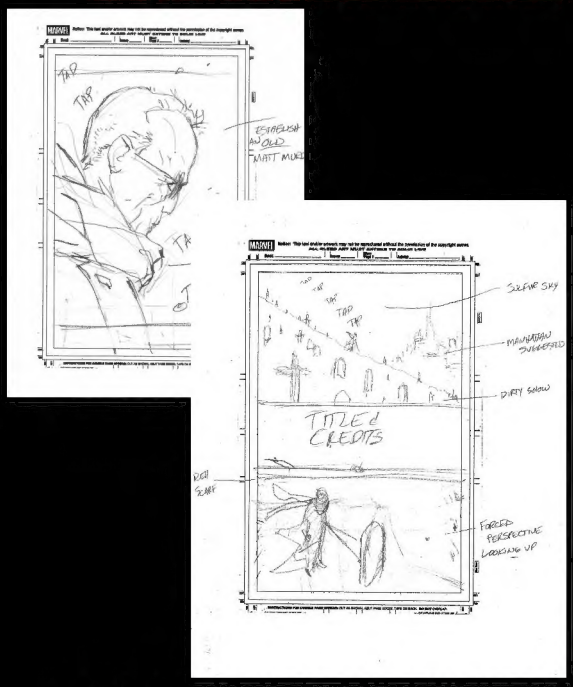


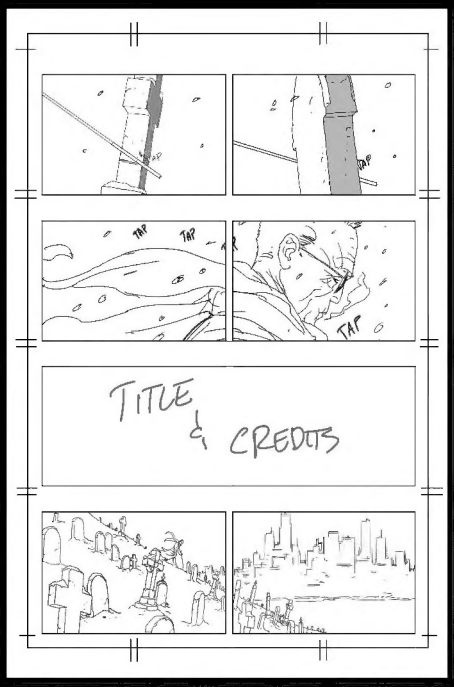
STEVE MCNIVEN: "Here I am trying out various ideas, from an initial idea of a full splash page to something more like what I end up with for page one. Once I have the rough layouts done I will fire up photoshop and get to work laying out the page and digitally pencilling it.

I used to do the pencilling part by hand but the ability to move panels around, especially when I am dealing with up to 16 panels (or more) is made so much easier on the computer.

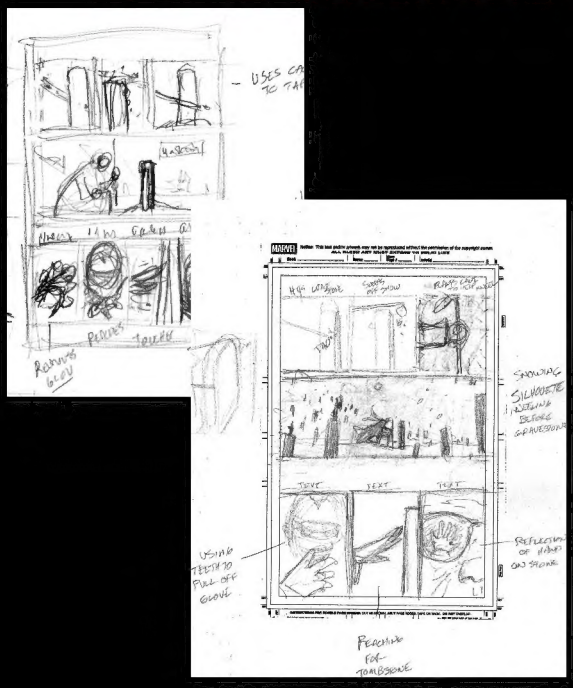
Once the digital pencils are finished I send them to Charles and Nick Lowe, (my editor) to get approval."

PAGE TWO LAYOUTS & DIGITAL PENCILS





PAGE TWO LAYOUTS & DIGITAL PENCILS



STEVE MCNIVEN: "Once I get the thumbs up on the page I will print the digital pencil layout on clearprint design vellum, which is easy to see through on the lightbox.

"I will then take those printed digital pencil layout and tape it onto the underside of a page of Fabriano pergamon paper.

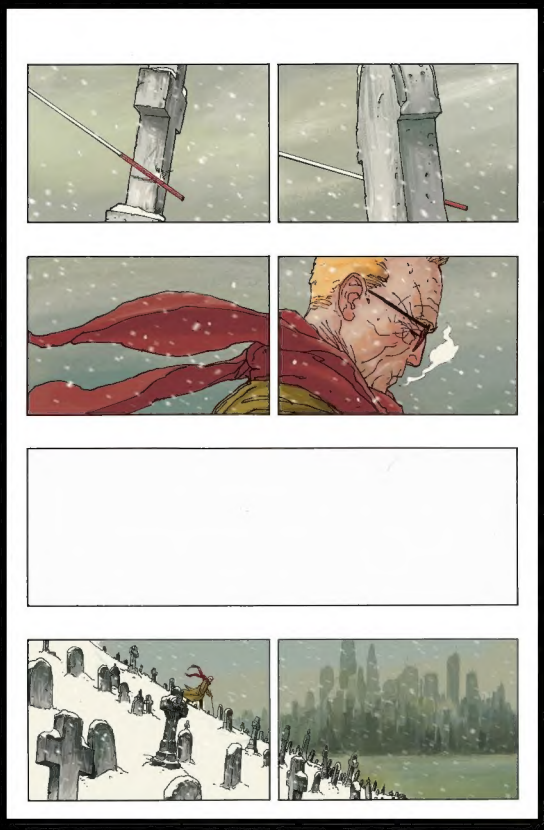
"I'll put that on a lightbox and grab a pilot ink pen and ink away on the Fabriano paper following the printed layout underneath.

"Once the final inks are done, I pull off the digital pencil layout and bin it, take the Farbiano paper with the inks on it and scan it for coloring in Photoshop."

Steve then colored the pages in what I can only describe as "art genius witchcraft."

Steve truly toiled over the pages, bringing all of his experience to bear. After Steve turned in the colors, Charles sat down with all the art and wrote up the final script for the issue, which Clayton Cowles then worked his art on. This is painstaking work, but it illustrates one of my favorite aspects of comic books—collaboration. Charles and Steve basically played tennis with this project, and then Clayton ran onto the court to take a couple of shots, resulting in the final product you hold in your hands.

PAGE ONE COLORS



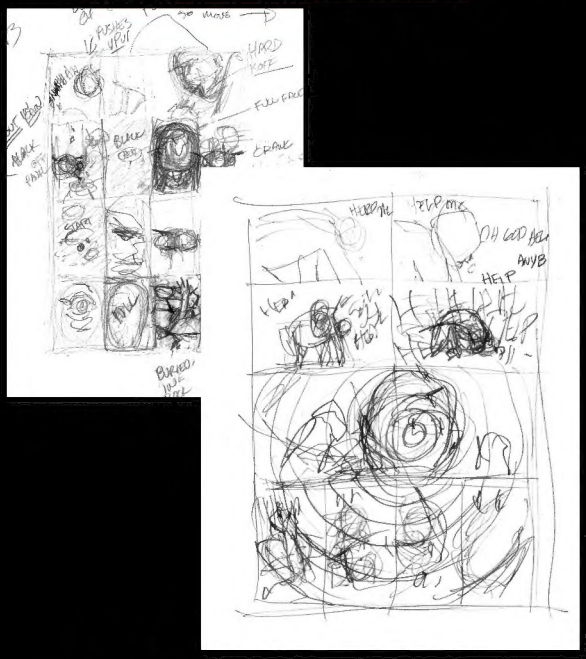
PAGE TWO COLORS

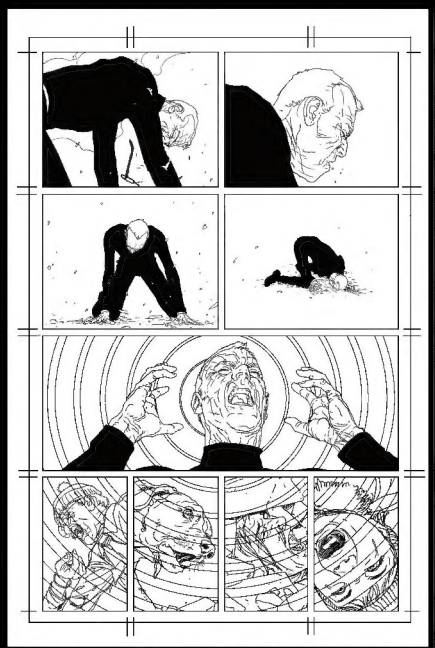
Two of my favorite pages are the pages where Matt gets his powers back. Charles laid out an awesome basic structure, and Steve then went to town with it.

PAGES FOURTEEN-FIFTEEN

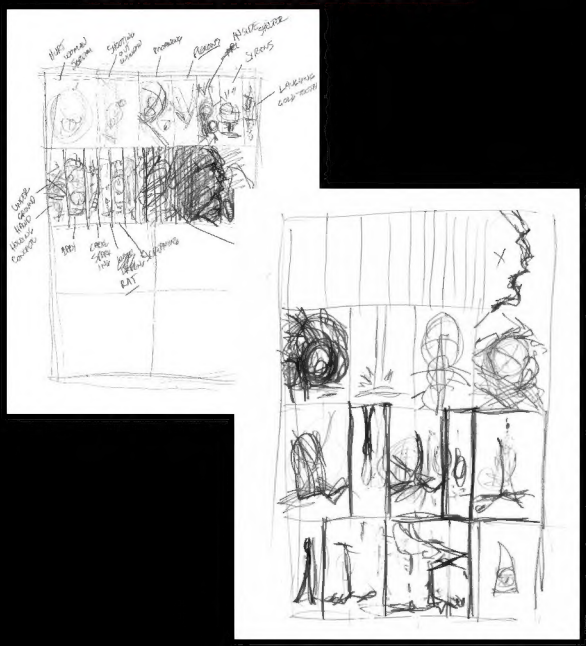
This will be a big one, maybe the centerpiece of the issue. This is where Daredevil gets his powers back, for the first time in decades. I think the best way to do it...if you're up for this...is to have Matt on his knees (penitent!), clutching his head, as everything around him for blocks and blocks flips into radar sense. There might be other ways to do it, but that seems like it could be incredibly striking. I don't know if I'll do dialogue for it or just let it speak for itself. In any case, it should seem extremely intense, even painful. It's everything, all at once, pouring into his senses, and he's not really ready for it.

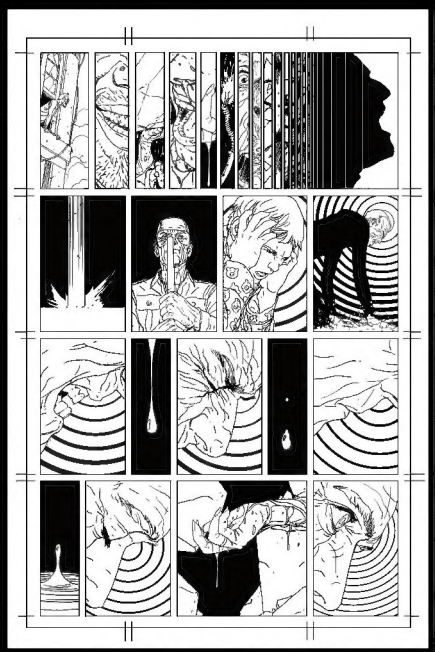
PAGE THIRTEEN LAYOUT & INKS





PAGE FOURTEEN LAYOUT & INKS





Once again, Steve poured his heart into the color work, setting up Charles to pour his into the script and Clayton to pour his into the letter art.

PAGE THIRTEEN COLORS

PAGE FOURTEEN COLORS